

CAROLINA WHIPS PENNSYLVANIANS

Tarheels Redeem Themselves for Loss to Princeton by Grabbing Second Game.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.] Chapel Hill, N. C., March 20.—The University of North Carolina baseball nine amply redeemed itself from the defeat handed it by Princeton University on yesterday when, by a 5 to 1 score it outclassed the team from Pennsylvania State College today. The Quakers simply could not withstand the onslaught of some of the heavy batted slugs, and gave for the poor base running and lack of team work, the Southerners would have piled up a much larger score. A muddy field reduced the contest to a small like procession, and the game ended at dark after two and a quarter hours playing. Thompson's three-bagger for Carolina that scorched the centerfield fence was the spectacular play of the game, bringing home Edwards from first. Score:

Carolina	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Bayley, 2b.....	3	1	1	1	1	1
Long, 1b.....	3	0	1	2	0	0
Leak, 3b.....	3	0	1	12	2	0
Edwards, ss.....	4	1	2	1	3	0
Thompson, cf.....	3	1	1	2	0	0
Johnson, rf.....	3	1	1	2	0	0
Williams, 2b.....	4	0	1	1	3	0
Hart, c.....	4	0	2	4	1	0
Craven, p.....	4	1	1	1	3	0
Totals.....	31	5	12	27	13	1

Pennsylvania	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Cravford, 1b.....	4	0	0	1	1	1
Miller, cf.....	4	1	1	2	1	0
Henderson, 3b.....	4	0	2	4	8	0
Craig, ss.....	4	0	2	4	0	0
Kern, 2b.....	4	0	0	2	2	1
Craig, W., 2b.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Keller, 3b.....	3	0	0	0	1	1
McKimben, lf.....	4	0	0	4	2	0
Hasselbacher, p.....	3	0	0	1	1	0
Unger, c.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	33	1	6	24	11	3

Batted for Hasselbacher in ninth. Score by innings:

Carolina	10031300	— 5 12 1
Penn. State.....	00100000	— 1 6 3
Summary:	Two-base hits—Leak, Hart and Johnson. Three-base hit—Thompson. Stolen bases—Long, Thompson, Miller and R. Craig (2). Struck out—By Craven, 5; by Hasselbacher, 3. Base on balls—Craven, 3; off Hasselbacher, 3. Hit by pitched ball—Leak. Sacrifice hit—Long. Time of game, 2:15. Umpire—Henderson.	

FRENCH TO STUDY LOCAL METHODS

[Special Cable to The Times-Dispatch.] Paris, March 20.—The French body of the International Congress of Physical Education voted today to petition the French government to send a commission to the United States to study the athletic training methods employed there. This body praised the American athletes, especially calling attention to their success at the Olympic games and in the recent Oxford-Cambridge meet in London.

Amusements

Visit the KODAK EXHIBITION
JEFFERSON AUDITORIUM
March 17th - 22nd.
Open from two to ten p. m., with illustrated lectures and motion pictures at three and eight p. m.
Complimentary Tickets at any Kodak Dealers.

ACADEMY--Thur., Fri., Sat.

Matinee Saturday.
A. H. Woods Presents
DUSTY FARNUM
IN
"THE LITTLEST REBEL"
By Edward Peple.
Prices: Matinee, 25c. to \$1.00. Evening, 50c. to \$1.50.
(Continued from First Page.)

ACADEMY--Mon., Tues., Wed.

Matinee Wed.
THE ABORN ENGLISH GRAND OPERA COMPANY, Inc.
"The Tales of Hoffmann"—Mon. eve.
"Lucia di Lammermoor"—Tues. eve.
"Il Trovatore"—Wed. matinee.
"Lohegrin"—Wed. evening.
PRICES: Evening, 50c. to \$2.00. Matinee, 50c. to \$1.50.

THIS BIJOU Mats. Tues.

WEEK Thur. & Sat.
BEST SEATS, FIFTY CENTS.
Bartley Campbell's Southern Romance.
"The White Slave"
A Story of the Sunny South Before the War.
NEXT WEEK—"The Newlyweds and Their Baby."

Academy, Thursday, Friday, Saturday—Mch. 27, 28, 29
Matinee Saturday.
The Liebler Company's Companion Spectacle to
"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH."
THE DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN
By PIERRE LOTI and JUDITH GAUTIER, with
VIOLA ALLEN
And a Cast and Company of 150 People from the Century
Theatre, New York.
PRICES: \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c. and 50c. Matinee, \$1.50,
\$1.00, 75c., 50c. and 25c. SEATS MONDAY.

THREE PROSPECTIVE COLTS



"Ducky" Eberts, Johnny Mace and Connie Brennan. Mace joined the squad yesterday and this trio with Steve Griffin and John Tennant had a stiff workout on the campus of Richmond College.

COLTS TAKE FALL OUT OF REGULARS

Giantlets, Anxious for Jobs, Work Hard and Defeat First String Men.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.] Marlin, Texas, March 20.—The Giant colts walloped the regulars today to the tune of 10 to 5. The regulars didn't extend themselves, all of them giving a first-class imitation of men afflicted with spring fever. The further anxiety of the colts to gain regular berths on the team before leaving here also tended to make them work harder than the men who feel that their jobs are safe.

The last game at the training camp will be played to-morrow, and then the squad is off on the northward hike, which will end when the going for the opening game rings.

Cooper was the particular star of today's game, with two great one-handed running catches. Joe Evers made three hits, one being a homer. Ames and Schupp were in the box for the Colts, while Tesreau and Kirby officiated for the regulars.

ACADEMY LEAVES TO PLAY EMPORIA

After Hard Practice Local Prep School Expects to Bring Back Victories.

With a squad of fifteen men, the Richmond Academy ball tossers will leave this morning for Emporia, Va., to open a three-game series with the Emporia High School. The first game will be played this afternoon and the final one Monday.

The boys have put in a hard week's practice under Coach Harry Griffin. Owing to other work, Griffin will be unable to accompany the squad on the trip. The team will be in charge of Manager S. E. Owens, who has completed arrangements for its entertainment.

Manager Owens has announced the following schedule:

March 21, 22 and 24, Emporia High School at Emporia; April 1, Benedictine College at Emporia; April 4, John Marshall High School; April 8, McGuire's University School; April 15, High School; April 18, McGuire's; April 25, High School; April 29, McGuire's; May 2, Benedictine College; May 30, Blackstone Academy at Blackstone. The team has many open dates, for which there are games pending. Those who are trying out for the team are: Malone and Blair, catchers; King, Wood, Franchione and Wicker, pitchers; D. Raden, third base; Pitt, captain, shortstop; C. Raden, second base; Miller, Brown and Heubl, first base; Maide, Jones, Miller, Diggs, Hill and Montague, outfielders.

RAIN PUTS STOP TO TRINITY MEET

(Continued From Sixth Page)

competitors were the freshmen, who tallied 18 points, with the juniors trailing behind with only 12-1-2.

Following is a list of the events held before the meet was called off, and the names of those who won places.

100-yard dash—Matton, freshman, 11-5 seconds; Kanipe, sophomore; Thompson, sophomore.
220-yard dash—F. B. Brown, sophomore, 21-3-5 seconds; Murray, junior; Reade, freshman.
220-yard dash—Kanipe, sophomore, 21-1-5 seconds; Thompson, junior; Garrett, junior.
One-mile run—R. L. Brown, sophomore, 4:50-2-5; Goforth, sophomore; Seerest, junior.
Shot-put—Farrar, sophomore, 32 feet 5 inches; Morris, sophomore; Comann, freshman.
High Jump—Matton, freshman, 5 feet 13-4 inches; F. B. Brown, sophomore, 5 feet 3-4 inch; Johnson, junior, and Jenkins, sophomore, tied for third place, dividing the single point.
220-yard high hurdles—Matton, freshman, 19-3-5 seconds; Siler, sophomore; Hyland, junior.
440-yard dash—Kanipe, sophomore, 56-2-5 seconds; Lowe, junior; Gardner, freshman.

In the Wake of the Game

By GUS MALBERT

Here's a new one: "Intensive baseball is the result of long years of study on the part of those men who have looked upon the game with the eyes of the student. It is strictly a twentieth century product, and, as the term implies, is baseball in which the unit of playing strength is the combined strength of each of the men taking part in the contest, all working together as a smooth-running machine, free from the friction and loss of motion incident to fraction." That's from one of the highbrows of baseball lore.

We have no more than one occasion become intimately acquainted with the Chinese variety, and later with the bonehead kind, and still later with the ivory pate brand; but the intensive kind has been wandering around loose beyond the confines of our ken. We are none the less glad to hear from it. If there is any in captivity, we should welcome some in the Virginia League. Our knowledge of the game embraces the Cub machine, and that old bogey of the Lynch League, Evers-to-Tinker-to-Chance, we know of McGraw's strategy and Fred Clarke's plugging spirit and Bill Dahlen's stout heart, with Roger Bresnahan's dash and fire, but intensive baseball—oh, scat.

Say, listen, Bill, the while I trill
A song that's new and fine.
No longer Pat, that bonehead chat,
Can waddle down the line.
Smoke up that pill and grind your mill—
Sing out in choicest rhyme.
Intensive sweat has come to bat.
What 'tis? Oh, never mind.

And following up the line of intensive baseball—as to the meaning of which we are somewhat at sea—the object of every manager, who is something more than a pay day drudge, is to get the most out of his men possible. No manager is going to sit idly by and watch his players dawdle and idle away valuable moments or valuable opportunities. That's part of his job. Imagine Hugh Jennings, or Frank Chance, or any of the topnotchers, looking on while his men are fighting among themselves, loafing, or otherwise purposely allowing ball games to slip through their fingers. It just can't be imagined. But baseball is a sport, and so long as it is a popular sport, sport appealing to the great unwashed as well as the individual littered with letters, it must be labelled with monikers understandable to the whole tribe of bugs. Let's get away from the involved titles and let's never mix baseball with the erudite gentlemen of the scientific world. Just plain old hustling baseball, with plenty of pep, plenty of fight and plenty of old-fashioned cussing for the umpire, is the kind we want in this neck of the woods. Give the intensive kind to Boston, the home of beans and brows.

What a pity it is that the sunfield at the new park had to be filled with new dirt. If the grass could have stayed, the lad working in the right corner would have had a far easier time. Now he must resort to the smoked glasses or take chances of permanently injuring his eyes. The glare of the sun on that light loam is going to cause trouble. Promises are made that just as soon as practicable, which means just as soon as the new dirt packs, grass will be sown.

Hustle is in the air around the circuit. All of the managers are now at home tending and waiting for the men they will harness to the pennant chariot to report. Lee Garvin put in a strenuous day down in Portsmouth yesterday having his picture taken. Since he promises us one of the results we forgive. Lee is to manage the Truckers in place of Lou Castro, whose injury will probably keep him out of the game for a season at least. Lee has on hand Outfielder Mundy, who hails from East Liverpool, Ohio, and Nevanpara, a pitcher, to whom Paul Davis of Newport News, Va., claims. The young man will find himself the butt of a considerable argument. Davis, or rather his substitute, Broderick, will lay the facts before Farrell and ask a ruling. In addition to having his picture struck, Garvin decided upon the uniforms for his club. At home the men will be adorned in natty uniforms of white with blue trimmings, and the stockings will be of blue with white stripes. On the road the club will wear blueish gray unies with maroon trimmings.

Charlie Shaffer, good old Pop Shaffer, is tickling himself over securing the services of a Mr. Shenn from the South Atlantic League. Mr. Shenn agrees that he is something of a hurler, but he will be about the least thing hurling around the circuit this season. Win Clarke, who umpired in the Sally last season, adds a few words of good cheer about the ability of Mr. Shenn, saying that he was the best looking youngster in the league. Shenn calls West Virginia home, is twenty-two years old and weighing at 195 stripped.

The holdout clan reported from Roanoke and Petersburg is not causing sleepless nights in either of these cities. Busch is simply laughing at the men in his squad, who boast that they will never, no, never, report unless they are given substantial increases in salaries. "I have new men to take their places," says Heinie, "and whether they report or not you can put it down in white chalk that I will be up close to the front all the way." Since Busch has a habit of putting together a rather combative set of youngsters, his assertion must carry weight. Buck Pressley is occupying the same position. Jap Efrd was the first of his holdouts to come to time, and before many days the rest of the crowd of get-ri-quickers will be drifting in looking for a little advance money to tide them over until the first pay day. That's usually the way. Some people can't understand or appreciate kind treatment.

By Monday all of the leaders in the league will have their men on hand ready to take the first step in the hunt to win a pennant in the Virginia League. For once the time for reporting will be practically the same in every city in the circuit, and the season cannot open with that old familiar cry about one club having the jump on the other. They will hit the wire together, and the pace set will be about the same. It will resolve itself then into managerial ability plus the luck of grabbing the best talent from the bunch of recruits brought to the front. That luck element is a big one, and the fan is fast coming to realize just how big.

The exhibition games will come on apace, and almost before one realizes it the big fellows will be with us to maul and hammer and tear into our youngsters like many tons of bricks. They will have little mercy. Yet we are able to withstand the assaults and come off second best with just a few bruises, we will have done well. The first club to come this way will be Charlie Doolin and his Phils. They are due here next Thursday, weather permitting, for a one-day engagement. By that time Giff will have his men pretty well sorted, and the line-up facing the Phillies will be pretty near the line-up to face the barrier in the opening game of the season.

Abe Attell furnished young Ollie Kirk, from St. Louis, an awful drubbing in what was to have been a ten-round go. Kirk made Attell quit in the beer city some weeks ago, after six rounds of fast mulling. Abe quit the ring, and at that time said that his quitting was for keeps. Evidently the bank roll began to dwindle, for the former bantam champ came East, stopped in New York, went into training and announced that he was on the road to Comebackville. He wanted Kirk first, and got him. It lasted just three rounds, when the hop head arose and took possession of the St. Louis lad. Now Abe is going to fight his way all along the line. The many friends of Attell will watch his strides forward with pleasure, and hopes that he may succeed.

Talking of Gunboat Smith and the probability of his meeting Luther McCarty, the New York fight experts are beginning to show a little reason along with their spleen. McCarty is a better man than Gunboat at whatever distance, though Smith might outpoint the Westerner in a short engagement. McCarty is bigger, stronger and younger than Smith, and can kick just as hard. If the two ever get together, Luther will tear the warrior with his naval handle into ribbons. Just a line of Al Baker. Because Luther failed to meet Wells was no indication that he was yellow. It merely meant that he had gained a prestige by trimming Palzer, which he wasn't going to lose in a short fight where the only decision rested with the sport writers. He was wise for his years, and the future will prove his wisdom, and also his gameness.

JACKSON STARS IN NAP VICTORY

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.] Mobile, Ala., March 20.—The Cleveland team defeated Mobile this afternoon, 7 to 3. Joe Jackson starred in the hit column, securing three hits out of four times, and one of them was a two-bagger. The regular Naps are showing the effects of their training, and all of them are hitting the ball. Chapman and O'Neill securing three-baggers. Culp, the reputed high-priced pitcher, who was sold by Frank of New Orleans, to the Naps, had his

first chance in the box. He struck out four men, yielded up only four hits in five innings and fielded his position nicely.

BRAVES TAKE CONTEST FROM GEORGIA UNIVERSITY

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.] Athens, Ga., March 20.—Although it rained all morning and was drizzling this afternoon, the Boston Nationals and the University of Georgia played a seven-inning game, which the Braves won, 6 to 0.

The field was heavy, but Stallings was well pleased with the way his youngsters showed up. Gervais and Thompson did the twirling and Gonzalez and Thompson the catching. Fifteen of the players leave for Atlanta to-morrow for a couple of games.

WHITE SOX TRIM COAST ANGELS

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.] Los Angeles, Cal., March 20.—Jim Scott, of the White Sox, whipped the Angels, 8 to 2, today. The locals accumulated eight hits off Scott, three of them after two were gone in the ninth, making for two runs. Previous to the ninth the Angels scored once on a throw because Morris Rath dropped a throw ball and lost a chance for a double play in the fifth. Jack Ryan, former Nap and Red Sox, and Ralph Crabb

opposed the White Sox. Both were hit hard and in clusters.

YANKEES TAKE SKEETER MEAL

Awful Slaughter Handed Jerseyites by Chance's Rejuvenated Bunch of Tossers.
[Special to The Times-Dispatch.] Hamilton, Bermuda, March 20.—In

dividualism among the Yankee players was thrown into the discard today, under Frank Chance's driving tactics, the New York team convincingly demonstrated their superiority to the Skeeter opponents. Fourteen to one the relative qualities of the two teams. The big leaguers batted hard, rolling alive and in sensational order. Middy, at short, again was the fielding sensation. The lone tally of the Jerseyites came in the first inning. Paddy Green was loaned to the Skeeters to start the game, but his team-mates treated him so shamefully that Viebahn volunteered to stop the slaughter. The volunteer was greeted boisterously, seven runs being made off his delivery in the fifth and sixth innings. The Skeeters fielded like a lot of high school boys, accumulating seven errors.

Easter Greetings FROM The Times-Dispatch

We are making great preparations for our Easter Edition and we know you will want a Times-Dispatch next Sunday. The joyous Easter spirit will prevail throughout.

The funny little Katzenjammer Kids; willful "Jimmy" and the Baby; poor old Happy Hooligan, with dear Suzanne and the Newly Wed's Baby, will delight you more than ever---the youngsters will have a whole peck of fun with them, and heaps of grown-ups will find plenty of amusement in our Comic Section.

There will be sixteen very interesting pages of fiction composed by such popular writers as George Randolph Chester, Gelett Burgess, Gordon McGreagh and Frederick Oron Bartlett. Stories that will savor of comedy, adventure and sentiment.

The Feature Section will be resplendent with its accounts of Priceless Art Treasures---Secret of Beauty and matters that creep close to the heart.

The Industrial Section will be replete with accounts of progress and prosperity.

The Sporting Section will tell the story of physical skill.

The Social Section the story of the goings and comings, of parties and festivities.

The News Section cannot fail to please the most fastidious student with its stories of unlimited achievements---up-to-date accounts of the doings of the entire world, furnished by the wires of the Associated Press and the National and International Services, as well as reports of special correspondents sent over private wires into the telegraph office of The Times-Dispatch.

Can you afford to miss this great treat?

Phone us your order to-day, Monroe 1, Circulation Department, so there will be delivered at your door Virginia's greatest newspaper.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH